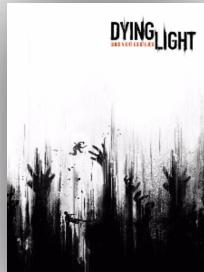




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Good Night and Good Luck



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Chapter 1 by Tunalock

It's been some time since the Harran Outbreak happened, but here you are, still standing. You sit on top of the roof of an abandoned building, watching the sun slowly set in the horizon. You think about how things have gotten better over the past few weeks, with the newcomer Kyle Crane drawing the attention of Rais and his thugs.

Still, you miss the times where you didn't have to watch your back for the undead, where every day wasn't filled with the blood of zombies and the sweat from the parkour. You stand up, pick up your baseball bat, and turn on your flashlight as you get ready to return to The Tower, one of the safest places in Harran at night.

You jump onto a pole and slide down it, jumping off halfway down and grabbing onto a ledge on the opposite building. You climb up to find a Biter standing on the patio in front of you, but it hasn't noticed you yet. You sneak up behind it and swing your baseball bat as hard as you can at its head. You hear a sickening crunch of bone as you break the Biter's skull, sending it to the ground. You stomp on its head as hard as you can and spill its blood everywhere, killing it.

You're not safe for long though as your beeping watch reminds you what time it is. You look in

the distance and see the city lights of Harran, the most dangerous place in the world. You know you have to get back to The Tower, the only safe place from

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You waited too long internally monologuing. Damn it. If you liked talking to yourself that much, you should have written a novel. You're going to need a little more than a bat if you want to get the Tower; any idiot worth his salt in these parts knows that. You abandon the safety of the patio and walk into the street.

Your partner would have been excellent for this pursuit, but it's been two days since her departure, and something tells you that she shouldn't have taken that long for a simple supply run - not Mallory, at least. You mourn her loss as you inch towards the city, none too thrilled to be going at it alone.

You stop when you hear My Chemical Romance beckoning you from behind.

"What's the worst that I can say?

Things are better if I stay

So long and goodnight

So long and goodnight."

So she managed to find batteries that hadn't rusted through for that stupid boombox. You sigh as she draws closer.

"That song is such trash."

"I don't even get a 'Hey, Mallory, glad you didn't die?'"

Chapter 3 by mareep



when you two are close enough she pats you on the back and you two talk about how you both had been doing and you both have been surprisingly well,

Mallory had found an old car in a junkyard and had traveled to the city during the day in it.

Mallory was good with mechanics. And now she was here. You on the other hand had traveled by foot and it had taken you months to get there and you had lost a lot of supplies along the way. so you and mallory decide to get to the tower together and to share supplies.

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